## he Greenback Club

Story of a Humiliation that Entered Like Iron into the President's Soul

CALLY RYLAND, in Southern Woman's Magazine

nt most of his time there, in list or its secrets. to Thomas this spoke well of is a place that offered far entertainment than one's own

n there back of Green's tailor gesaroom," he explained ex-to his gang. "Green used to for a pressing and cleaning he built the second-story onhep. He'll let us have it for

five dollars a month. We millionaire kids," said "Groulker, spitting contemptuouswho's goin' to pay for all as Snigger Jackson. "You agains made.

got cold water to throw on heme, ain't he, boys? Spethe scheme nin't his. Lis-There's ten of us, ain't he mother's a widow an' widpetty nearly always rich. m mother tell old Mrs. Bowes Harris was rich as double Well then, that makes a month for Jew Baby, don't three dollars and sixty cents test of us clubbed together. ins on the fingers of those so does mine, and Don Canmay aunt gives him five cents me he takes a package to the her for her, an' Wart Bixby ten cents outer his grandwhenever he learn a hymn. it it's too dead easy. An'

added mysteriously. A club fetched the gang. I It had a rich sound, and gerery boy in Snigger Jack-lack yard realized that life all little for him if he couldn't Hto make trouble if possible. file's club was called the miling into hot water at the fabut somehow none of these "We gotter have intr different." explained Snig-turing up well in his true light mate, "Let's see, it's back of

members there a plenty that

aman decision that won over christened Withen, and with a pin stuck "the red the his name on the club ing the blood from on

a Thomas Jackson who sug- dockyment" which swore him never t His father belonged to the to divulge its name, its membership

"My mother gets old Green to press her winter suits," suggested Jew Baby Harris, "an' I always carry 'em to him, so maybe he'd rent the room to me and keep his darned mouth shut. If he don't I'll tell him I'll take 'em

to Jaky Einstein across the street."
"Bully for you!" cried Don Cannon

Of course, Mr. Green said yes. couldn't very well say anything else under the circumstances, for Mrs. Harris was a good customer, and he had his measuring eye already on than they can eat. What's the mat-Jew Baby's figure against the time ter with—well—borrowin' a little ice that the rich widow's son would rebel cream whenever there's a party. They against buying his clothes ready

There was no procenstination about the gang, individually or collectively to notice much."
when it was doing the thing it wanted A cheer met t to do, and in less than half an hour There's ten of us, ain't to do, and in less than half an hour "By squash! you've got a head on after the Greenback Club was organ-you like a bull-bat, Jew Baby," cried specket money except Jew ized its members moved in and took He gets twenty-five possession of the modest quarters that heard. were to be the scene of many unic- most always, and things put out to counted for disappearances from cool like cakes an'-an'

on account, which was very properly recorded in the club's log book, Snigger removed his precious library con-Baby's dollar that's"—rapid sisting of six well thumbed and dog-eared "Nick Carters" to the conve--four dollars an' sixty cents nient shelf on which Mr. Green was an't it? All right then, wont to deposit "pants to be pressed." wont to deposit "pants to be pressed." Pickles swiped a table, minus one leg \* Jose' father gives him fiftis week for cuttin' the front but easily propped up with a yardstick namimously. er had laid aside for the Salvation Army man to gather up on his rounds.

A bench, three chairs and an adver-tising poster or two were contributless time than it takes to tell it the

ager, promoter, and newly elected president, he had apparently left out the fellow that married president, he had apparently left out the chief ingredient of successful class and the chief ingredient of successful class

"That's what I said," growled grouply: "We sin't gain to sit have Grouchy. "We ain't gain to sit in house an' hours at a time with eatin', are we"

ger, rising gravefully to the common

"Proposals is are in order "We might end suggested Wart Bixly chronel his Mrs

excrescences on the back of his hand, on his writing table, and after the other members of the club like a borhood trackin' us here!" snorted was her duty to master its contents. Snigger. "No, sirree, you gotter get a better idea than that."

"Tell you what," put in Bennie Smith, a quiet boy in spectacles who father knows a man down on Cary ment, Street that sells bananas cheap if you buy 'em by the bunch, sorter green. We might do extra jobs till we got

money enough to buy a bunch an'-" "An' die of stomach-:.ch eatin' 'em,' sneered Grouchy.

"Aw, let him finish, can't you?" cried Snigger, sawing him off short. "I was goin' to say," pursued Bennie, encouraged by this championship, "we could keep 'em avhile till they got ripe an' then have a banquet like they do at the regular clubs."

"Mighty poor eatin' if you ask me," broke out Grouchy, determined not to be snubbed.

"Bully for you!" cried Don Canson
"Go to it, Jew Baby, an' tell us what
he says."
"Well, we ain't askin' you," retorted Jew Baby. "I think it's a bully idea, and I tell you what, fellers," his "Well, we ain't askin' you," retorted Jew Baby. "I think it's a bully idea, and I tell you what, fellers," his voice sank to a pitch of obscurity, "folks are always giving payting folks are always giving payting pa "folks are always giving parties around here. My mother does, an she always orders more ice cream cream whenever there's a party. They always set the freezer outside to keep it from meltin' and the cook's too busy inside fixin' up things to cat

A cheer met this sound reasoning. "By squash! you've got a head or

home.

Jew Baby, with unparalleled generative gave their landlord fifty cents of Spigger, "an' it ain't as if was steal-In' either, you know, because as Jew Buby says, they always have so much there's a plenty left over. always rowin' about the awful waste ain't any more waste. It—it'll be ing, engagement or no engagement, doin' people a favor," he ended magnanimously.

It ellows are not going.

ing, engagement or no engagement, and there's an end of it."

If ever there was a boy sick and

formance of erst-while detestable jobs ed by other members and in almost about the house they merely congrat-Greenback Club was decorated, swept, household maxims were at last be- been procured from

mend up a new vista. Snigmend up a new vista in a new vist "Well, I guess note" snote an Picks temningly to nimble flex great Surgices, who had a right to his name.
"All right, gentlemen," said Saigs for the memplayed who were merely ger, rising gravefully in the course of managery and came, and took because on a March mouning that

"And have every cook in the neigh- manner of mothers, decided that it Greek chorus.

Mrs. McAdams and say that I regret so rarely raised his voice that he was he can't come to Louise's party to-usually listened to whom he did. "My monrow night, as I have an engage-

Yours truly, THOMAS JACKSON."

Snigger's return from school was stercepted by a stern parent. "What intercepted by a stern parent. do you mean by this—this remarka-ble composition, Thomas, and what engagement have you for tomorrow evening that you cannot go to Louise McAdams' party? You know perfectly well that I wish you not only to go but to ask your cousin Mary Moore to go with you." Snigger turned a furious red. "I don't want

to go, mother," he blurted out. want to do in this life, Thomas," be-

conveys an impression of extreme cruelty on a mother's part who would urge her son to do a thing that was not considered de riguer by other fellows.

"Why are they not going, Thom-

"They just ain't," murraured Thom-

"Are not," corrected Mrs. Jackson. "Your grammar gets worse every day, Thomas. I must certainly write Dr. Peterson about that. I cannot af-Snigger when he could make himself heard, "And there's oysters, too, school another year unless you get at present. And you can explain, please, what is the important engagement that occupies you tomorrow evening. It's hard enough to make preparations for a party, heaven knows, without having every boy you invite refuse to go at the last moment from some whim or other. Now that goes on in the kitchen. All don't tell me again that 'the other right then, we'll see to it that there fellows' are not going. You are go-

as luncheon over, he pursued his way sual deference paid to the demand to the favorite haunt by the devious for grass-cutting, bundle-fetching, paths that club members had decided upon to throw the wary and suspicious off their tracks.

about the house they merely congrat-ulated themselves that some of the a bunch of nearly ripe bananas had Greenback Club was decorated, swept, garnished and ready to take its place in the list of other famous clubs of the city. Still there was something to take the figure of the city. Still there was something to the city of t "the man down the city. Still there was something the city of the ci Indeed. ment the menthers rested than the members and that right activities and surveyed the work of the member and that right activities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the waster that the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the waster that the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the waster that the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the waster that the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and surveyed the work of the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and the decivities and the decivities and the mented upon unfavorably in a vertical decivities and the decivities and the decivities and

ply.
Peep voiced and outspoken was the time, not an well-stocked pantries and sympathy of his brother members as storerooms, but actually in the saved Sugger unfolded the threat of his ent. Only Grouchy was silent, irger, as president, always claimnis good share of good things, and h Snigger absent, Grouchy couldn't relear a smile at the thought of his obedience to perental authority. Aw, it's a shame, that's what it "What made snoke un Pickles. such an idiot. Snigger, as to leave I took mine by on note around.

Anyhow Snigger was done for. His "I, Thomas Jackson, do hereby and mother said he had to go, "an' take a towit present my compliments to girl, too," sneered Grouchy, and there was no backing out of it or getting around it. Club members as they were, every man there realized that when Snigger Jackson's mother spoke she was going to be obeyed or Snig-ger's father would know the raeson why. Her backing was too powerful to go unrecognized.

Snigger realized it. As he jammed his feet into his patent leather pumps on the fateful evening he was well aware of his mother sitting in her own room with the door open between them. That open door always gave Snigger the feeling that no matter what authority he had outside, in his own home his power dwindled to the size of a keyhole. With his door closed Snigger was a man. When it stood open he sank to the level of childhood again.
"Most ready, Thomas?" asked his

mother with an eye on the clock.
"You must learn never to keep a
young lady waiting, my son. Come here and let me fix your tie for you and, Thomas, do go over your hair again. It's a perfect sight. What made you soap it down like that?"

Snigger vouchsafed no other reply than a hollow groan as he got himself into garment after garment, and finally presented himself at his mother's side for the finishing touches.

His heart was full to bursting. What did he care for parties any-way. Darn 'em. An' he had to take a ole girl, too. Darn her. It was hard lines that you couldn't never do school another year unless you get what you wanted to do and always more out of it than you are getting had to be pulled around by some member of your own family. Yes, even if it was your own mother. Some-times he just doubted if she was a own mother. Yes, he did. A own mother to cut you out of the finest fun the fellers had ever had at the club( Bennie Smith had a live snake he was going to bring to-night) and make you go to a party whether you wanted to or not, an' with a ole girl,

Snigger was far too miserable to care whether Mary Moore had on a which the improvident tailor had left the Greenback Club flourished and behind, and Don Cannon furnished prospered. If the families of its it with old magazines which his mother members wondered a little at the unual little at any other subject as they rounded the corner and marched stiffly up the Mc-Adams' front steps.

There wasn't a boy of Snigger's gang in the room, and as the gang was a close and exclusive corporation Snigger felt more aggrieved than ev er when the others very pointedly left him to his own devices as much as they dared. It was a "game" party, too. Snigger hated games. Check-ers at the club were all right, of course, but stringing beads and playing jackstraws and threading needles for a prize with a lot of girls look ing on and laughing at you like wild hyenas, well, he was getting too old for such things, that was all, said Snigger to himself, forgetting that just two months before he had confided to Jew Baby Harris that he thought a game party for prizes was about the hottest stuff there was in parties, specially when Mary Moore was in the game.

Well, Mary Moore was there now wasn't she? and Snigger merely looked upon her as an added griev-

Moreover, how was he to fish out jackstraws and thread needles when his eyes were constantly wandering to the face of the tall clock in the

The raid had been timed for 9:30.

the cook would be particularly busy inside.

Bennie Smith had been appointed raider in his place. Snigger was sere about it. Bennie was a deep one and already Snigger saw signs that he was working for the presidency. Gloom unmitigated descended upon his spirits. Even the sallies of the sometime charming Mary Moore fail-

ed to rouse him to repartee.

Nine twenty-five! Sniggers' ears
pricked in his anxiety to hear through three walls what was going on in the backyard outside. Supper at last. He drew a deep breath. By squash! if they'd left so much as a saucer of ice cream behind he'd get it, yes, and eat it, too, Mary Moore or no Mary Moore. Let her tell his mother on him if she wanted t. Let her tell the whole roomful and holler it from the housetop. He had been cut out of the bananas and he'd been cut out of Bennie's snake, but he'd be sawed asunder if he was goin' to be cut out of all the ice cream there was.

Swiftly Snigger sped to the dining room and swifty, with the deftness of long practice, gathered up four sau-cers of ice cream; neatly he balanced them with the grace of a juggler on his outstretched hands and wrists, and smoothly he carried them back to the table at which he had left Mary Moore waiting for him.

Snigger was no glutton, as gluttons go, but this evening he was a sore, hurt and cheated man, and he meant to have his revenge by gobbling three saucers of ice cream to Mary Moore's Herror struck to his soul. Mary Moore, not the unsociable animal her cousin had proved himself, had made room for her three best cronies and bosom friends at the little table, and Snigger, with a tidal wave of rebellion rising within him, perceived that with all his plans and schemes he had brought just enough saucers to go around.

Madly he slammed them on the table. One of them upset on Mary Moore's new pnk dress, but what did he care. His heart was bursting with knowledge that no one in the room shared, and with a snort of rage he plunged into the dining room. Ice cream he would have though the heavens fell; and even as he darted through the door and made a mad dash for the serving table where the ice cream was dispensed, the heavens fell indeed, for Mrs. McAdams, in a subdued, agonized whisper which fell harshly upon his ears through the pantry door, was calling "Boulevard and pleading with the girl to "ring hard. Somebody has stolen a whole freezer of my ice cream and I haven't nearly enough to go around. You can't get them? You think they have closed for the night? O, you must get them; try again, please. They won't answer?"

With the click of the receiver the iron entered into Sniggers' soul.

BURNING WORDS TO DIS-LOYALISTS.

(Tampa Tribune.)

In all Aemrica no man probably hates war more sincerely and honest-ly than William Jennings Bryan. Whatever one may think of propriety in doing so, there is little doubt he left President Wilson's cabinet be-cause he thought he could more effectively work for peace in private life.

But Bryan is no pro-German. He is not a disloyalist nor a traitor. course of action Bryan, like the loyal citizen he is, salutes and obeys. He a good American, like most of us. Recently, in his paper, Bryan

"Before our nation enters a war it is proper to discuss the wisdom of going to war, but discussion is closed when Congress acts. After that no one should clock attacks upon this government or aid the enemy under he claim that he is exercising freedom of speech.

"No sympathy will be wested up-on those who have been arrested for on those who have been arrested for unpatriotic utterances. They abuse free speech, and this applies to atwacks upon the allies as well as upon the United States. We can no more allow our allies to be crushed than we an afford to be crushed. The defeat of our allies would throw the whole burden of the war upon us. We must stand together and fight it through. There are only two sides to a war. Every American must be on the side of the United States."

This should be the attitude of loyal Americans. It answers to every dis-loyalist in the country. It answers the Sinn Feiners who attack Hingland and the German-American who try to play the German game, while skirtplay the German game, while skirting close to sedition. It answers every pro-German editor printing stuff in which poison is insideously inserted. It answers every Senator like Vardaman who, under his toga's protection, talks like a Junker in the

It makes our duty clear to every one of us. There are but two sides to this war—the American and the German. The English, French, Italans and Russians are with us. Austrians, Bulgars and Turks side with Germany. Any man in this country who is not ready to talk for the American side, put up money for it, write for it, pray for it and fight for it is an enemy, avowed or implied And he should be treated as such.

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